MY WIFE AND CHILD.

T. J. JACKSON.

The tattoo beats-the lights are gone, The camp around in slumber lies; The night with solemn peace moves on, The shadows thicken o'er the skies; But sleep my weary eyes hath flown, And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, my dearest one, Whose love my early life hath blest; Of thee and him-our baby son-Who slumbers on thy gentle breast. God of the tender, frail, and lone, Oh guard the tender sleeper's rest.

And hover gently, hover near To her, whose watchful eye is wet-To mother, wife-the doubly dear, In whose young heart have freshly met Two streams of love so deep and clear-And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne, Oh teach her, Ruler of the skies, That, while by Thy behest alone, Earth's mightiest powers fall and rise, No tear is wept to thee unknown, No hair is lost, no sparrow dies.

That Thou can'st stay the ruthless hands Of dark disease, and soothe its pain; That only by Thy stern commands The battle's lost, the soldier slain; That from the distant sea or land Thou bringest the wanderer home again,

And when upon her pillow lone Her tear-wet cheek is sadly prest, May happier visions beam upon The brightening current of her breast; No frowning look or angry tone Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show, Loved with a passion almost wild-By day, by night, in joy or woe-By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled, From every danger, every foe, Oh, God! protect my wife and child!

GEORGE JONES'S DUEL.

Monsieur de Slecal was the first to break the pause. Jones stood on one side of the table, his hands in his pockets; Monsieur on the other, his cane tucked under his arm, his hands behind his back. Madame sat on the couch, apparently bewildered.

what is this conduct of yours? It is only one thing that I ask; it is that you afford me satisfaction."

His manner was at once polite and severe; his words dropped from his lips one by one; he stood rigid as a statue, fascinating Jones with his glittering eye. If he had in any degree lost his temper he did not disclose the fact. His dignity was imposing, his calmness crushing. That fury which Madame had portrayed was conspicuous by its absence. Jones was in a fix.

"Give you satisfaction? What do you mean? Fight! Not if I know it! I'm not a fool, sir!

from L. arm, and tapped Mi. vones , smile. Mr. bones cupies op dim resollection significantly upon the shoulder. "Monsieur Shoones, you will leave Madame and left with smiling eyes and sentimental poede Slecal out of the matter. If you are a gen- try coming from their lips. He concluded that

Slecals still wear swords. Should you refuse I likeness.

will compel you to accede." all my life! Do you suppose that I-I, a man on his behalf. This was comfortable for Jones, you and I will have understood each other betin the office of Public Works-have come over | who, when he was left alone, was plunged into | ter." here to make a lunatic of myself? When I do the deepest melancholy. He proceeded to make fight, you may stake your last shilling it will his will, as he told himself gloomily, "in case anybe on less crack-brained grounds than these! If | thing might happen," bequeathing half his worldyou think your feelings are wounded, then, as I ly wealth to his mother, the other half to Miss

troon?"

banged his fist upon the table. "But I do say dens, London, S. W. To be opened in case of thought which has been very pleasant to me, this, that a man who would fight a duel, and accident." such a one as this would be, must be nothing else than a born idiot!"

"Does Monsieur call me an idiot?"

no one a chance to call me one!"

go home like a poisoned dart. It was as though | ing how Mr. Lyne was getting on. he was speaking to an inferior creature.

and an English dog-he is a poltroon; to such his bed-side, would have made a good study for the de Slecals always use canes."

"Why, you impudent old --- " Mr. Jones once. was aghast, but he drew up there. "If you Englishman receives such language."

"A Frenchman never receives, he always gives," round the table, and struck Mr. Jones several times smartly on the back and shoulders. Madame stood up, her head bent forward, her hands thrown back, prepared to rush in and form a third in the exciting tableau. But, for the pres-

ent, she refrained. This was more than Mr. Jones could stand. murder." Mr. Lyne laughed pleasantly. Seizing the cane, he snatched it from his assailant's hand, and, fairly losing his temper, struck away." him with considerably more violence than Monsieur had used to him, ending by snapping the cane across his knee, flinging the fragments into away. I may be a fool, but hang it, sir! the man his antagonist's face, and seizing him by the shoulders, hurled him to the floor, with sufficient | words!"

force to shake the room. Jones, "if you were half your age I'd throw you

through the window, neck and crop." But Madame now saw proper to become an actor in the drama. She sprang forward, and, bendeither to Jones or the ceiling.

"Oh, mercy! mercy! Henri! Henri! are you slain? Oh, seelerat, you destroy not only my reputation, but my husband's also!"

"I destroy your reputation?" began Jones. But the opening of the door, and the entrance of a fresh spectator, prevented his concluding.

The new comer was Mr. Lyne. He started, as well he might, astonished at the scene which met his gaze. There was Monsieur de Slecal lying full length upon the floor. Madame bending | thies are-" he paused- "on your side." over him, a study of agonized beauty, Mr. Jones, glaring at them both, pink in the face with rage.

"I call you to witness," shouted Jones directly he entered, "that he struck me first, and that I knocked him down, and that of all the nonsense I ever heard of, this is out and away the biggest tom-foolery."

Mr. Lyne perceived that, before making any remark, and thereby committing himself to either side, the best thing he could do would be lay, he offered his arm.

"I trust that Monsieur de Slecal is not injured. Will Monsieur permit me to assist him in rising?" Monsieur permitted him, and, with his aid, slightly, and had been more shaken than he cared for. Outwardly he was stiff and cold as

"Monsieur Lyne is a witness to Monsieur Shoone's words; he has struck a de Slecal. There can be but one termination. Am I to address Monsieur Lyne as Monsieur Shoone's friend?" "Do you think I-" began Jones again; but

Lyne stopped him. further at present. With Monsieur de Slecal's ing. The band struck up a final waltz, Waldpermission I will give him an answer at his con-

venience." Putting Jones's arm within his own, Mr. Lyne marched him out of the room. They went up stairs to Jones's bedroom; when they reached it, and Lyne had closed the door, Mr. Jones gave vent to all that was upon his mind.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing in all your life? Do you know that that idiotic Frenchman pretends that I have behaved improperly insidious strains, she leant on him more than was to his wife! He called me canaille, and I don't absolutely needful. The music tempted them to know what, sir. He actually struck me with Fairyland, and their rhythmic movements comhis cane! What do you think of that, sir?"

"I think," replied Mr. Lyne, affably smiling at his friend's heat, "that a man can hardly flirt with a woman, and knock her husband down, without expecting something to come of it fur-"Monsieur Shoones, may I venture to inquire | ther. I presume he means fighting; am I to act

> "Fighting!" Mr. Jones gasped; it was more his part, needed no reply. But everything has than he could relish. "Do you mean fight a an ending, dances included. The final dance was duel!"

> shoulders. He saw no objection; it would form gered when the scene had vanished, and Jones a pleasant variety in his travels, and should it and his partner bore it with them as they went become worth his while to publish his journal, out together. It was a beautiful night. The the incident might be embodied in a telling moon hung in full summer glory in the cloudchapter. "Of course you might run away, but less, starlit heavens, and the sea lay like a silver that would hardly look nice; besides, he might mirror at their hand. There was the calm of a

There was a cold-bloodedness about Lyne which | coming out of the whirl of music and of voices. Look here, Monsieur, I declare to you that there was not to Jones's taste. Had any one told him was not without its charm. Jones and Miss

of Bret Harte's stories of ruffians murdering right | could not but catch tleman, Monsieur, you will understand that I they were types of Americans in general, and will accept nothing but satisfaction-the de that Jeffrey James Lyne was moulded in their

"Compel me! I never heard such nonsense in ceive all communications in his name, and to act an Englishman and a gentleman, I offer you an | Agnes Cheshire, expressly inserting that the lat-"An apology?" Monsieur's tone conveyed a left alive to offer it. This document he signed Last Will and Testament of George Jones, Esq., | Jones spoke at last. "No, sir; I am not a poltroon." And Mr. Jones late of the office of Public Works, Spring Gar-

his mother, one to Miss Cheshire, and one to his head clerk at his office, explaining how, having pausing stood face to face with her beside the "No, I don't, sir," observed the indignant Jones; | died in defense of his honor, he was unable to re- | sea; "whatever happens, whatever comes, believe "but I'll take uncommonly good care that I give turn to his duties on the appointed day. But being at loss to decide which of these epistles should be The thin vein of passion which ran through written first, he left them all alone, and paced Monsieur de Slecal's rejoinder made every word from wall to wall, from door to window, wonder- did not understand. He had taken her hand in

In the course of an hour and a half Mr. Lyne "Then I say that Monsieur Shoones is canaille, returned. Jones, as he received him, sitting on a picture of Misery. Lyne opened the subject at

weren't an old gentleman, I'd show you how an | "I've seen de Slecal; he has referred me to a | that you love me!" friend, a General Calonbert. He declines to accept any apology-even if we offered one-and And, to show exactly what he meant, he moved we have arranged for it to come off to-morrow morning on the Sand Hills."

> Jones's spirits sank again. He was aware he and his friend took different views; to him it seemed all wrong.

"And you call that all right? Very well, if he have acted times beyond knowledge before tokills me, or I kill him, it will be a clear case of "There is still one course open-you can run

"Run away! What do you mean by your insinuations, sir? An Englishman never runs who calls me a coward will have to prove his

"You impudent old scoundrel!" raved Mr. you a coward, I should not be acting for you thing she did not know. now. You and de Slecal will meet as before: your little differences are not intended for the were these: "God bless you, my darling, and benefit of the public."

"I know that as well as you do, don't I? Do ing over her prostrate husband, raised her hands you take me for an idiot? I'm as capable of holding my tongue as de Slecal, or twenty like him." Mr. Jones was excited, but his friend, making was hidden to her then. In her prayers that allowance for circumstances, took no notice. His night she included that of her lover's that God next remark was made while he trifled with his | might keep them both alive.

mustache, looking at Jones curiously from his half-closed eyes.

"By the way, I fancy Miss Cheshire has got wind of something in the air. She has been asking if you and de Slecal have quarreled, and by her manner I am inclined to think her sympa-

"What's the use of talking about that to me now? Once I might have had hope-hang it! Lyne, are you quite heartless? Don't you see that I am a marked man?"

Mr. Lyne indulged in that favorite trick of his -shrugged his shoulders.

"And why? I would take an even bet de Slecal is left upon the field."

"What a fool I am!" soliloquized Mr. Jones, when his friend had left him again alone. "Comto offer his assistance. Crossing to where Monsieur | ing out for a little holiday, falling in love with one woman, flirting with another, and getting murdered by her husband. Upon my soul I believe Agnes likes me, and I-I'd give every penny I have in the world if the De Slecal's had regained his feet. He was little the worse for been at the bottom of the seas before they had his adventure, save, perhaps, that he smarted come across my path. Just as there really comes a chance of love, a wife and happiness, I throw it away. Well, there's one thing, I only have myself to blame."

That night there was a ball at the establishment. Several of Madame Boutiton's boarders were there, and among them Mr. Jones and Miss Agnes Cheshire. They had one or two dances together, and, on the whole, seemed to enjoy each other's company. You would not have thought "If you take my advice you will say nothing | Jones was about to fight a duel in the early mornteufel's very last.

"Let me have this last one?" pleaded Jones, suppliant to Miss Cheshire; "it may be some time before you and I dance again together."

Miss Cheshire said yes. There was a rosy tinge upon her cheeks, a happy light shining from her eyes as she gave him her consent. As he placed his arm about her waist and drew her to him their breath mingled, and sweeping round to the pleted the charm.

"If life were all a dance, if the music was always playing, whom would you choose to be your partner?"

She gave no answer, but, stooping her head a little lower, the blushes mounted to her cheeks. She understood what Jones conveyed, and he, for over, and the people passed into the moonlit "And why not?" Mr. Lyne shrugged his night. But the intoxication of the scene linperfect summer night upon the world, and this,

"It has been a very happy time, but why do | limbs. you speak as if it would soon be over? You are not going away?"

"Not-not-" Jones's voice was rather choky, he had something tosay, and he was not quite In the end Mr. Lyne was commissioned to re- | sure if he would be doing right in saying it: "not at present. Before I co go, I trust—I trust that

"Do not we understand each other now?"

This was a question asked innocently, and when Miss Cheshire saw the meaning which it might convey, she could have bitten her tongue out for speaking. She blushed red as a rose, the ter would have had his heart as well, had he been | more so as Jones seemed in no hurry to give an answer. The moonbeams took no pity, but shone decided sneer. "Is Monsieur Shoones a pol- with his finest handwriting, inscribing it "The down brightly on her crimson cheeks. But Mr.

"I hope we understand each other. It is that but-but ere long, I hope we shall understand Then he decided to write three letters—one to each other even better. Miss Cheshire—Agnes -" for the first time he called her Agnes, and, —believe the best of me."

Miss Cheshire looked at him surprised. There was something in his face and in his words she his, and held it still, as they were close together.

"What is going to happen? What is coming? Of what are you afraid?"

"Afraid!" he replied, giving her words another meaning. "I am not afraid!" Then, giving way to a sudden impulse which he could not "It's all right." Jones's spirits plucked up. | resist-"Agnes! Agnes! tell me-tell me, darling,

> Silence. People had gone on and left them standing there. The sea broke gently against the wall, and that was the only sound. The moon and all the stars were keeping watch, while the tale of love was told again beneath their light. She bent before him; she would not meet his eyes; she trembled; she acted as maidens day. Then she raised her head, and the light which was in her eyes needed no words to tell

"George, you know I love you."

"My love! My love! My own, own love!" Jones put out his arms, and, spite of all who might be there to see, clasped her to him, raining kisses on the lips which, as of course, found out the way to his. There was a passion in his em-"Very well, I said nothing. Had I thought | brace, a clinging tenderness, prompted by some-

> When they parted that night his farewell words keep us both alive."

They, and the manner in which he said them, lingered long after in her memory, when the light of after events disclosed the meaning which

When Jones reached his room, he found, awaiting him upon the dressing table, a little note, scented, in a three-cornered envelope, sealed at the back, a dainty cream in color, and a dainty lady's writing on the front. Jones knew the hand at once; it was from Madame de Slecal, but the sight of it did not please him, as was once the ease. He snatched it up, and tore it into little pieces, without troubling to see what it contained, and dropped the fragments on the

"Fool that I am! I have thrown my life away for such as her while happiness has been waiting at my doors! If I could only have my time over again, if I could only unlive the life that I have lived—bah! To-morrow morning I shall be a dead man!—a dead scoundrel, for I may have broken Agnes's heart! To think that I love my love, and she loves me, and yet I am standing face to face with this awful thing! Oh, God, it

Mr. Jones, sitting at his dressing-table, put his hands before his face to think.

[To be continued.]

SHE TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

Wriggles had some teeth pulled lately, and took cold in his jaw, which swelled until it looked like a prize watermelon. He poulticed it and bandaged it, all to no purpose, and walked the floor several nights with it, quoting choice extracts from Bob Ingersoll's lectures, but all to no purpose; it kept on swelling. The other morning he remarked to his wife that he'd give \$50 to any one that would hit him a tremendous thump on it suddenly, without his expecting it, to see if it wouldn't burst the swelling. The dear woman, smiling to herself, went and gathered a bootjack and stepping up quietly behind the old man as he was trying to strain some coffee through his teeth, lovingly inquired: "Where does it pain you most, Wrig?" "Oh, Lord! right here, right here," replied he, as he turned his jaw up and pointed to the apex of the protuberance. Taking a step back the dear woman raised the bootjack on high and hit him a regular bungstarter right in the centre of the calamity, and smilingly stepped back to await results. The old man's knees flew to his chin as he shut up like a patent rat-trap, and with a hollow groan he rolled off the chair on the floor. But he was up in a moment, and as he danced the can-can with original variations, his wife smilingly asked: "Did it relieve you, dear?" And as he tried to howl out an answer old Mrs. Pry, who had just dropped in, beat a hasty retreat. And now the whole neighborhood has it that Wriggles has got 'em again. And as Mrs. Pry remarked, "That 'ere comit will be the death o' these old baldheads yet, settin' up to watch it."-New Orleans Times.

CURIOUS ITEMS ABOUT TREES.

A certain grove in California contains 1380 trees, none of which measure less than six feet in diameter. The tallest trees in the world are in Australia. A fallen tree in Gippsland measured 435 feet from the root to the highest point of the 'nother that still stands in the Dun-

ict, in Victoria, is estimated to be the ground to the top. The largest in America is growing on the farm Herkle, in Berks county, Pennsylvaearly forty feet in circumference at The top of the tree is reached without danger by steps that are fastened between the

A HOME THRUST.

It is related of George Clark, the celebrated negro minstrel, that being examined as a witness he was severely interrogated by the attorney, who wished to break down his evidence. "You are in the negro minstrel business, I believe?' inquired the lawyer. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "Isn't that rather a low calling?" demanded the lawyer. "I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel; "but it so much better than my father's that I am proud of it.' "What was your father's calling?" "He was a lawyer," replied Clark, in a tone of regret that put the audience in a roar. The lawyer let him

ALL SORTS.

One day a gentleman found a little girl busy at the ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings. "Isn't it hard work for your little arms?" he asked. A look like sunshine came into her little face as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby: "It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said softly.

A naked negro potentate on the west coast of Africa wore a crown made out of a cast-away tin can. It was labelled "concentrated gravy."

An Irishman, just landed, was asked what party he belonged to. "Party is it?" said he: I suppose you've got a government? Thin I'm

You cannot get honey if you are afraid of bees, nor plant corn if you are afraid of getting mud on your boots. When we can dig fields with a tooth-pick, blow ships along with fans, and grow plum cakes in flower-pots, then it will be a nice thing for dandies. Above all things avoid lazi-

As he sat on the steps on Sunday evening he claimed the right to a kiss for every shooting star. She at first demurred, as became a modest maiden, but finally yielded. She was even so accommodating as to call his attention to flying meteors that were about to escape his observabugs, and at last got him down to steady work on the light of a lantern that a man was swinging about a depot in the distance where trains were switching.—Herschel's Astronomy.

When lawyers fail to take a fee, And juries never disagree; When politicians are content, And landlords don't collect their rent; When parties smash all the machines, And Boston folks give up their beans: When naughty children all die young, And girls are born without a tongue; When ladies don't take time to hop, And office-holders never flop; When preachers cut their sermons short, And all folks to the church resort; When back subscribers all have paid, And editors have fortunes made; Such happenings will sure portend This world must soon come to an end.

PUNNING EPITAPHS.

Of epitaphs remarkable for their play upon words, a good specimen was furnished by Benjamin Franklin:

The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stripped of its lettering and gilding, lies here, food for worms; but the work shall not be wholly lost, for it will, as he believed, appear once more in a new and more perfect edition, corrected and amended by the author. He was born January 6, 1706; died ---, 17-. A brother printer, under the impression that

'the art preservative of arts" could furnish still better material out of which to compose an epitaph for one who was so skillful a craftsman, suggested the following as an alternative inscription:

Benjamin Franklin, the * of his profession, the type of honesty, the ! of all; and although the to of death has put a , to his existence, each ? of his life has been

The following epitaph on a watchmaker makes exhaustive use of trade phrases:

"Here lies in horizontal position the outside case of George Routleigh, watchmaker, whose abilities in that line were an honor to his profession; integrity was the mainspring and prudence the regulator of all his actions in life; humane, generous, and liberal, his hand never stopped till he had relieved distress; so nicely regulated were all his movements that he never went wrong except when set a-going by people who did not know his key; even then he was easily set right again; he had the art of disposing of his time so well that his hours glided away in one continual round of pleasure and delight, till an unlucky movement put a period to his existence; he departed this life November 14, 1802, aged 57, wound up, in hopes of being taken in hand by his Maker, and of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired, and set a-going in the world to come.'

Here is an epitaph of an earlier date on a carpenter at Oakham, named John Spong (ob. 1736):

Who many a sturdy oak has laid along, Fell'd by Death's surer hatchet, here lies Spong. Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a place could get, And lived by railing, though he was no wit; Old saws he had, although no antiquarian, And styles corrected, yet was no grammarian. Long lived he Oakham's premier architect; And, lasting as his fame, a tomb to erect In vain we seek an artist such as he, Whose pales and gules were for eternity. So here he rests from all life's toils and follies-Oh! spare, kind Heaven, his fellow-laborer Hollies.

The following from Berkeley church-yard on Thomas Pierce (oo. 1665), relates to a self-made man, who was skilled in more than one branch of workmanship, and who was not without honor in his life from his fellow-townsmen:

Here lyeth Thomas Pierce, whom no man taught, Yet he in Iron, Brass, and Silver wrought. He Jacks and Clocks and Watches (with art) made, And mended too when other's work did fade. Of Berkeley five times mayor this artist was; And yet this mayor, this artist, was but grasse, When his own watch run downe on the last day, He that made watches had not made a key To wind it up, but useless it must lie Until he rise again no more to die.

The shoemaker's trade, with such words as 'awl," "sole," and "last" to play upon, has furnished some good epitaphs of this class, and the following blacksmith's epitaph has been thought so appropriate that it may be found in American and colonial as well as in English church-yards:

My Sledge and Hammer lie reclined, My Bellows too have lost their wind; My Fire's extinguished; Forge decayed; And in the dust my Vise is laid; My Coal is spent; my Iron's gone; The last Nail's driven, my work is done.

An example of this epitaph may be found in Low Moor church-yard on the tombstone of Christopher Barlow (1824.) The earliest example is to be found in Lincoln church-yard, where it is inscribed to the memory of David Fletcher, smith to this church (ob. 1744.) A similar epitaph at St. Albans has the following additional lines, which are by no means an im-

My fire-dry'd corpse lies here at rest, My soul, smoke-like, ascended to be blest. While another at Chipping Sodbury, in Gloucestershire, is put into the third person and con-

> His body's here, clutched in the dust. 'Tis hoped his soul is with the just.

There is a curious epitaphial blunder on a tombstone at Monknewton, near Drogheda, erected by one Patrick Kelly "in memory of his posterity!" There is an epitaph at St. Andrews, Plymouth, on "the only surviving son" of Admiral Vernon. The following is from Llanymynech church-yard, Montgomeryshire:

Here lies John Thomas And his children dear; Two buried at Oswestry,

And one here. More ludicrous than any of these is the inscription on a stone at Keel, in Montgomeryshire: Here lies the remains of Thomas Nicols, who died in Philadelphia, March, 1753. Had he lived he would have

A companion blunder to that at Monknewton is found in the church-yard at Montrose, where lie the bodies of George Young and Isabel Guthrie, "and all their posterity for more than 50 years backward!"-Home Journal.

A PERFECT CUP OF COFFEE.

Coffee is the fine issue of Eastern hospitalitythe climax of the visit. One recognizes, on entering, the sound of the coffee-mortar, for in every properly-regulated household in the East the coffee is not ground, but pounded to an impalpable powder, having been roasted that morning, each day its provision, and pounded the moment it is needed. And no one who has not drunk it there and thus can presume to judge of the beverage.

In England we roast it till it is black, grind it as we would cattle food, boiling it like malt for beer, and when we drink the bitter and unaromatic fluid which remains say we have taken our tion, and then got to "calling" him on lightning | coffee. The Eastern coffee-drinker knows all the grades of berry and preparation as a silk merchant knows the quality of silk; the caffeejee knows that to roast it a shade beyond the point where it breaks crisply under the pestle is to spoil it, and when the slow pulverizing is done, each measure goes into its little copper ibrik, receives its dose of boiling water, just one of the tiny cupsful, rests an instant on the coals to restore the heat lost in the ibrik, and is poured into the eggshell cup, and so it came to us, each cup in a gold enameled holder. The rule in these lands seems to be that few things are worth doing, but these few are worth doing well, and there is no waste of life or material by over-haste.-Pall Mall Gazette.

A hen is not immertal, and yet her son never

-Mother Shipton.